

# THE SILENT WORLD.

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## SILENCE.

BY EDGAR A. POE.

"THERE is a silence where hath been no sound,  
There is a silence where no sound may be,  
In the cold grave—under the deep, deep sea,  
Or in wide deserts where no life is found,  
Which hath been mute and still must sleep profound;  
No voice is hushed—no life treads silently,  
But clouds and cloudy shadows wander free,  
That never spoke—over the idle ground.  
But in green ruins, in the desolate walls  
Of antique palaces, where Man hath been,  
Though the dun fox or wild hyena calls,  
And owls, that flit continually between,  
Shriek to the echo, and the low winds moan,  
There the true Silence is self-conscious and alone."

—*The Aldine.*

## AMOS KENDALL.

I.

OUR readers will be interested in a few extracts from the Autobiography of the great and good Hon. Amos Kendall. He was the founder of the Washington Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, its first president, and the benevolent gentleman to whose liberality the Institution and College owe their commanding site and beautiful grounds. He is the benefactor of the deaf-mutes of the whole country, in that it was through his aid and countenance that the National Deaf-Mute College came into existence. He was a prominent man in his day, being the confidential adviser of President Jackson and Post-master General.

In connection with Professor Morse he was instrumental in establishing the system of telegraphy that now covers this and other lands with such a net work of wires. It was through his exertions that Prof. Morse succeeded in putting his project into execution, and it was by him that the foundation of Morse's great wealth was laid. Remnants of these days of his connection with the telegraph are still visible in the insulators which remain stuck up in the trees all around his residence on the grounds of the Institution at Kendall Green. Those of our readers who would like to read the whole autobiography, and they will find it profitable to do so, can obtain a volume by writing to Lee and Shepard, publishers, Boston, Mass.

## HIS BOYHOOD.

AT school Amos was obedient and studious, excelling in all branches except penmanship, in which he seemed to feel little interest. He was particularly fond of arithmetic, and by means of sums set by his elder brothers, and worked out in evenings by the light of the kitchen fire, he became master of the fundamental rules before he was allowed to cipher at school. He had just begun to read when he heard his father promise his elder brother, George, that if he would read the Bible through in one year, he would give him a new one. He asked his father whether he could have a new one on the same condition, and was answered in the affirmative. The prize was easily won.

It was the custom of Deacon Kendall to allow his boys about two hours' nooning in the summer. A large portion of this time and of the winter evenings Amos devoted to reading, while the other boys were at play. There was a small township library in Dunstable in which his father held two shares, entitling him to take out a

book on each share and retain it two months. The use of one of these shares he gave to Amos, who in a very few years had read nearly every book in the library. On one occasion he brought home the volume of Morse's large Geography, when his father smilingly asked, "Do you expect to read that through in two months?" Receiving an affirmative answer, he said, "Well, if you do, I will give you a pistareen." This was a Spanish coin then in circulation, worth about twenty cents. The pistareen was earned and paid.

This early reading was, perhaps, better remembered than the reading of subsequent years, since almost every sentence of it presented some new idea to the impressible and expanding mind. The value of it, especially in relation to geography and history, was fully appreciated by him in subsequent stages of his education.

In the free schools Amos had but one competitor for pre-eminence in spelling. This was a little girl of about his own age, named Sally Wright. For two or three years the competition was very keen, though Sally took the lead. At spelling-matches, then quite common, she was always the first chosen, and Amos Kendall was the first on the other side. Owing, however, to the superior advantages possessed by the latter, he finally took the lead of his fair rival. In this competition there was not a particle of envy or ill-will; on the contrary, the boy admired little Sally Wright for her smartness, and thought that when they grew up he would ask her to be his wife. But the Fates otherwise ordered. Sally married a worthless man. It was perhaps thirty years before she and her youthful competitor and admirer again met. He was then casually passing her residence, which bore all the outward signs of poverty, when it occurred to him to call, with the double purpose of seeing her once more and ascertaining whether she would recognize him. He knocked and was told to come in. On entering he beheld Sally Wright sitting in a plain but cleanly room, with several children around her, all clad in coarse clothing, but as neat as a good mother's labor could make them. "Do you not know me?" said he. "No, sir," was her reply. "Do you not recollect the boy, Amos Kendall, who used to go to school with you?" She sprang from her chair, and seized his hand, as if he had been a long-lost brother. The last he heard of her she was a widow, living with a brother.

So sober and thoughtful was Amos when a little boy, that he was generally called the "Deacon." Though often praised for his scholarship, he was as diffident and bashful as any girl. This peculiarity was, no doubt, natural; but in after life he attributed it chiefly to a singular incident which occurred when he was a little boy.

Though Dunstable was more than thirty miles from the sea, tales of money buried in that region by pirates, particularly by one Captain Kidd, were current among the population, and generally credited. This money was supposed to be in iron pots under the special charge of the Devil, who, though he could not harm those who might dig for it, would employ all sorts of noises and terrifying apparitions to scare them away, and not succeeding, would turn the money into something else. In this shift, however, his infernal majesty might be baffled by laying upon the transmuted money a Bible and an open penknife, under the influence of which it would, in the course of a few days, resume its original character.

One of Amos's elder brothers was a full believer in these tales, and the boys of the neighborhood entered into a conspiracy to test his courage.

They filled two small iron pots with blacksmith's cinders and buried them under a large white pine-tree in the midst of a dense wood. One of the boys was then commissioned to notify the destined victim that money was buried in that spot, and propose that they two should go in the night and dig for it. Arrangements were made, and in the middle of a dark night, rendered darker by the surrounding forests, the boys repaired with lanterns and tools to the designated spot, and began operations. They had not proceeded far before strange noises were heard in the bushes around them: dogs barked, cats mewed, sheep bleated, cows lowed, and horses neighed. The diggers came to a big root of the white pine, which they began to cut away. The noises redoubled, accompanied by the blowing of trumpets and other alarming sounds. Under the big root they came upon a large black snake lying upon a flat stone, which the companion of young Kendall pretended to kill. At this stage the noises became terrific: dogs howled, cats yelled, cattle belowed, women screamed, and bang, bang, went guns over their heads in the pine-trees and among the surrounding bushes. Though his companion pretended to be much terrified, the brave boy, who believed it all the work of the Devil, nothing daunted hauled out the black snake, and, turning up the stone on which it was deposited, came upon the eagerly sought treasure; but the Devil had transmuted the gold and the silver into common blacksmith's cinders. As this was not unexpected, the boys luggered the pots home and deposited them in young Kendall's chamber, placing upon the cinders in each a Bible and an open penknife. There Deacon Kendall found them a few days afterwards and pitched them out of the window.

This incident led Amos to conclude that his father's children were not so smart as the neighbors' and, enhancing his natural diffidence, produced a bashfulness and reserve which became habitual and invincible. Only once during boyhood was it thoroughly overcome in the presence of strangers. On a public occasion a larger boy began to insult and abuse his next older brother, when young Amos, highly excited, opened upon and soon silenced him. The lookers-on thereupon insisted upon the vanquished blackguard's "treating" Amos and his brother, which he did,—with rum-toddy and gingerbread.

#### EARLY TEACHERS OF THE DEAF.

VI.

##### SAMUEL HEINICKE,

Who is recognized as the founder of the articulation schools in Germany, was born April 10th, 1729, in the village of Nautischutz, near Weissenfels. His father, a farmer, desired to bring him up to follow the same business, and Heincke, not to distress his parent, submitted until he was twenty-one, when, in order to escape being married against his will, he left home for Dresden, where he enlisted, as a private soldier, in the Elector of Saxony's body-guard. While in the army he devoted all his leisure moments to scientific studies, and repeatedly declined promotion to military command, simply because he did not want to be interrupted in his pursuit of knowledge. About 1755, Heincke met a deaf-mute in Dresden, and began to teach him, but was interrupted by the seven years' war, which broke out soon after. After suffering severe hardships, both in a besieged camp and as a prisoner, Heincke managed to escape, and, after a short visit to his home, went, accompanied by his wife and child, to Jena, where, at the age of twenty-nine, he enrolled himself among the students of the University, and supported himself and family, while a student, by his skill in music.

In 1758, removing to Hamburg, he again fell in with a mute, the son of a farmer of Eppendorf, near Hamburg, whose education

he conducted with great success. His reputation as a successful instructor of the deaf and dumb having come to the knowledge of the Elector of Saxony, he was invited by that prince to undertake the instruction of the mutes of Saxony. On April 13th, 1772, Heincke and his pupils, now nine in number, arrived at Leipsic, and in the following month the first institution of its kind ever supported by civil government, was opened. This school, I believe, continues in full prosperity to the present time. Heincke labored without ceasing for the mutes until his death, which took place April 13th, 1790.

CHARLES MICHEL DE L'EPEE,

The founder of the French or sign system of instruction, was born at Versailles, France, November 25th, 1712. He was designed by his father for a scientific career, but young De l'Epee preferring the church, studied theology, and was admitted to that part of the Roman Catholic Church, whose members are distinguished by the title of Abbe. The liberality of De l'Epee's, theological views prevented his employing his energies in the active service of the priesthood, except for a short time when he had the good fortune to enjoy the protection of the Bishop of Bossnet. On the death of this patron De l'Epee became an avocate of the parliament of Paris; but on inheriting a small fortune, resigned his position as avocate, and led a life of literary ease at Paris. It was not until he was past forty years old, that De l'Epee found his true vocation, and that was by accident. Going one day, on a visit to a street opposite to a society building occupied by "Les Peres de la Chetienne" he met, by some chance or other, two young women, sisters, who were deaf and dumb. The Abbe spoke to them, but as he got no reply, complained to their mother, who explained the cause of their seeming disrespect. De l'Epee was powerfully affected by this incident, and feeling called to undertake their education devised a system of signs for their benefit, and hence the French system of educating deaf-mutes. De l'Epee says that a priest named Vanin had begun the education of the sisters, but died before completing his work. Some years later De l'Epee accidentally met with the writings of Amman and Bonet and became a zealous and successful teacher of articulation to some of his pupils. The Abbe had many noble visitors, among others, Joseph II., of Austria, who took so much interest in the work that he sent the Abbe Storck to acquire the methods of the French teacher. Unlike this predecessors, De l'Epee refused pay for his services, and only allowed the children of the rich to come to his school by sufferance, preferring to devote his whole time to the poor. He died December 23d, 1789. His school is still in a flourishing condition.

CYRIL CADWALLADER.

##### FREDERICA BREMER AND JEANETTE BERGLIND IN THEIR SILENT SCHOOL.

There was the "Silent School," as it was called; a little deaf and dumb institution, lying in a remote corner of the city, among old wind-mills, rocks, and woods, and moorland countries. This blessed institution which seems to have been quite a pet among the many affections of our novelist, received from her its designation of the "Silent School"; but it was founded by Jeanette Berglind, a poor cripple herself, also deficient in hearing—an orphan, poor, originally obliged to work for her living, but with an insatiable instinct of desire in her to help the deaf and dumb; a longing dream constantly moved her to try the experiment of such children being placed rather in a home than in a great educational factory. But she was so poor there seemed no probability that the dream would ever be realized; only she never lost hope, and kept strengthening herself by saying "God will help me!" For fifteen years she worked for a living, hoping the vain hope to save money to carry out her idea: then a little property of four hundred rixdalers was left her. Now she thought to begin her long cherished plan; her friends laughed

at her madness; four hundred rixsdalers, about twenty pounds! what could they do? She said, "God will help me!" and she hired a house, and began her wild scheme. For a long time she was distrusted; but poor and puny children threw so wonderfully, grew so rosy and active, developed such talent and intelligence beneath her skillful and motherly care, that it grew. When it was in distress, Miss Bremer addressed a letter to the "Talking Children of Sweden," on behalf of the "Silent School," and it prospered. Miss Howitt met with the teacher, of whom Mamsell Berglind said "that he never tired of telling the children long stories on his fingers." She says, it seemed a perfect insult to call them deaf and dumb, for every action and movement spoke, while they conversed with each other about the subjects of their picture cards, and especially when Miss Bremer produced from an inexhaustable bag she carried with her an immense supply of gingerbread, nuts and other childish delights.—*Hood's World of Anecdote.*

#### TWO DEAF-MUTE CONVERTS.

I have no doubt that the following incident which occurred at High Landing, N. C., will be acceptable to the readers of THE SILENT WORLD:

For several days the exercises of the meeting had been in progress, a large number of penitents had bowed at the altar of prayer, and several had been converted to God. Among the interested and attentive spectators was a young man about twenty years of age; of medium height, broad shoulders, well developed muscular powers, a high forehead, and a black penetrating eye. The preacher remarked that he had seldom seen a more intelligent looking man. The man appeared to be a stranger. No one conversed with him: no one seemed to know him. For a while he sat alone under the shade of a tree; then he retired to the wood, and, at length, was seen slowly emerging from the bosom of the deep, dark forest. He was sad. Upon his countenance were drawn lines of deep sorrow and distress. However, during Divine service, his seat, near the centre of the congregation, was never changed. From the time the text was announced till the service closed, his eye was fixed upon the speaker. He apparently weighed the meaning of every word and sentence. He observed with close scrutiny every gesture, and marked well every change in the speaker's countenance. His own countenance, too, would change with the gloom and glory of the theme. He appeared to be laboring under deep conviction of sin. He kneeled at prayer. But no one spoke to him upon the interests of his soul. The zealous brethren and sisters passed by him and besought others to humble themselves before God. Many yielded to their earnest solicitations and entreaties; but he was left a neglected stranger. Had he no friends? was he a stranger to all the congregation, or was he an abandoned outcast? More than once the preacher saw tears of sorrow fall profusely from his dark eye lashes. Now and then his bosom heaved, as though angry elements were gathering within.

A deep solemnity pervaded the entire congregation. God was there. The proud were humbled in the dust, the altar was filled with mourners; many penitents had been blessed, and now were singing in strains of rapture the sweet songs of Zion; christians were happy in the love of God; when, at the height of this glorious scene, over which angels, no doubt, sung in triumph, the young stranger arose, walked deliberately to the altar, and fell down a penitent at the throne of grace. A succession of the most piteous moans ever heard there, arose from his lips. The sympathies of all were enlisted in his behalf. Still no one spoke to him; no one pointed him to the Savior of sinners; he was alone in the mighty struggle. But christians prayed. Forgetting all others, as it were, his case was unitedly presented at the mercy seat.

He was converted. Conscious that his sins were forgiven, he arose from the altar of prayer with a countenance irradiated with the most heavenly expression. His soul was full of the love of God. Clapping his hands and throwing them up towards heaven, he gave no expression to his exceeding joy: he raised no song. Poor man, he was deaf and dumb! He could neither speak nor hear!

"Faith cometh by hearing;" but he believed that gospel which he never heard, and gave evidence that he was thoroughly converted to God. When the doors of the church were opened for the reception of members, he went forward and gave the minister his hand and signified by gestures that he desired a place among God's people.

Not having the advantages of an education, he could commune only with his intimate friends, so that when the minister was about to depart, he shook him warmly by the hand, and indicated that he would meet him in heaven. Ah! there "the tongue of the dumb shall sing."

I send also the following incident of another deaf-mute convert.

In Cork, Ireland, under the powerful teachings of John Wesley, a deaf-mute man, was reclaimed from a life of excessive profligacy in the twenty-fifth year of his age. He had been notoriously addicted to cock-fighting, horse-racing, drunkenness, and other vices but became an upright citizen, a devoted member of the Methodist society, and its successful promoter among his townsmen. Unable to speak the word of exhortation to his neighbors, he preached by his exemplary life, and whenever the preacher or class-leader was expected in the town, he watched for his arrival, and hastened from house to house, to summon the people to the place of prayer. His business had required him to work on the sabbath, but on becoming a Methodist he would no more do violence to the Lord's day. Unable to read, he nevertheless learned, by the aid of his christian brethren, the precious promises, and their place in the sacred volume and would often turn to them with "a wild screaming voice and floods of tears."

J. C. D.

#### A CAPTAIN OF NAPOLEON AS SCHOOLMASTER.

ANOTHER, of a very different stamp, was Professor Joseph Neef, from Pestalozzi's in Switzerland. Simple, straightforward, and cordial, and a proficient in modern languages, a good musician, he had brought with him from Pestalozzi's institution at Iverdun an excellent mode of teaching. To his earlier life, as an officer under Napoleon, was due a blunt, off-hand manner and an abrupt style of speech, enforced, now and then with an oath—an awkward habit for a teacher, which I think he tried ineffectually to get rid of. One day, when I was within hearing, a boy in his class used profane language. "Youngster," said Neef to him, "you mustn't swear. It's silly, and it's vulgar, and it means nothing. Don't let me hear you do so again."

"But, Mr. Neef," said the boy, hesitating and looking half frightened, "if—if it's vulgar and wrong to swear, why—"

"Well, out with it! Never stop when you want to say anything: that's another bad habit. You wished to know why—"

"Why you swear yourself, Mr. Neef?"

"Because I'm a d—d fool. Don't you be one, too."

With all his roughness, the good old man was a general favorite alike with children and adults. Those whose recollections of Harmony extend back thirty years preserve a genial remembrance of him walking about in the sun of July or August, in linen trousers and shirt, always bareheaded, sometimes barefooted, with a grandchild in his arms, and humming to his infant charge some martial air, in a wonderful bass voice, which, it was said, enabled him, in his younger days, when giving command to a body of troops, to be distinctly heard by ten thousand men.—*Robert Dale Owen in Atlantic Monthly for September.*

## THE SILENT WORLD.

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WASHINGTON, SEPTEMBER 1, 1873.

THE *Journal* makes us the *amende honorable* in correcting its mis-statement regarding the size of THE SILENT WORLD, and it has our thanks.

WE bespeak of the fair sex a full attendance at the Convention at Rochester. Without woman the world would be a wilderness. Ditto conventions. Let them come, therefore, and make the wilderness blossom as the rose.

THE SILENT WORLD will have a correspondent at the Convention of the Empire State Association at Rochester, N. Y., and we hope to give our readers a full and interesting account of the proceedings in our next number.

DR. I. L. PEET is to deliver a lecture on temperance at the gathering at Rochester. This is a step in the right direction, and we make haste to commend it as we dealt severely with the drunkenness prevailing among the young men at the last assemblage at Albany.

MR. THOMAS BROWN, President of the Clerc Memorial Union, writes to *The Journal* expressing his determination to push the business forward. He desires deaf-mute artists to send plans and designs with estimated cost to Mr. Syle, the Secretary of the Union.

IT is not true as THE SILENT WORLD says, that there has ever been any confusion in the affairs of the National Clerc Memorial Union, on account of Mr. Carlin's resignation.—*Advance*. THE SILENT WORLD has never said that there was any confusion in the Union on account of Mr. Carlin's resignation of the Presidency.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE for September has an article on the New York Institution. It is illustrated with a good view of the institution from the river, one of the shop-building and some of the inside of the school-rooms, that of Mr. Conklin and his object teaching being especially effective. The manual alphabet is also presented and will be the means of more widely diffusing a knowledge of our silent language.

A CORRESPONDENT asks us why we have taken no notice of President Gallaudet's condemnation of "deaf-mute" newspapers, since THE SILENT WORLD would seem to be included under the head. We answer, that President Gallaudet has not condemned the newspaper for the deaf and dumb in the abstract. On the contrary, he rather encourages it and puts forward a plan of his own for the conversion of *The Annals* into such a periodical. He only finds fault with the papers as at present conducted; and we never dispute the opinion any person may hold of THE SILENT WORLD. We can say that his ideal paper for the deaf and dumb does not include more, if as much, in its scope as our own plans for the improvement of THE SILENT WORLD in the future.

WE think the plan a good one, "for the principal of an institution to name to the members of each graduating class, certain inexpensive journals to which they might become subscribers"; and our praise of it would be unbounded, should the list include THE SILENT WORLD! For, while we do not think that deaf-mutes ought to rely for their mental aliment on a "deaf-mute" paper, we still believe that it is to their happiness and welfare to keep up the remembrances of their youth, and pardonable that they should take a keen interest in the affairs and opinions, battles and success of persons laboring under the same disadvantages as themselves. Even President Gallaudet takes the paper published at the college from which he graduated, although he does not, perhaps, in a great measure rely on it for his mental aliment, and why may not the deaf-mute do the same?

Two semi-mute young gentlemen were recently guilty of taking a couple of hearing young ladies up Mount Monadnock, in New Hampshire. It was not a forcible abduction; Oh, no! the young ladies were perfectly willing to go, still, we withhold the names of the party for obvious reasons. These young ladies are blessed with beautiful hands and their digital dexterity with the manual alphabet is truly marvellous. Well, while they were dining at the Half-way House, talk flowed freely, and the young gentlemen mouthed quite successfully, while the beautiful, white hands flashed and glittered continually in the subdued light of the fly-pestered place. The servant, a buxom Yankee girl, forgetting her duties, looked on with wide open mouth and eyes, till one of the young ladies, amused at her amazement, asked her what she thought of them. "Law, miss, I can't make it out," answered she. The lady then explained matters: how the two gentlemen were deaf, but could talk, and how the ladies spelt to them on their fingers, and thus a conversation was carried on. "Law, miss," exclaimed the girl, "I thought you did all the motions for show."

OUR friend G., from his prominent position, is looked upon as an authority in all matters relating to the deaf and dumb, and hence it happened a few days since that a benevolent gentleman called upon him at his office, bringing with him a little negro, who was deaf and dumb. He told a doleful tale of the poverty of the parents and the pitiful state of the little boy growing up in ignorance, and wound up by asking if G. could not exercise his influence to obtain the boy's admission into the Institution for the deaf and dumb. G. said he would do so, and then calling the boy to him attempted to test his intelligence by putting some questions to him in natural signs. The boy only shook his head stolidly to every thing asked. Here a gentleman, who was a witness of G.'s discomfiture, thought he could do better, and put in his oar with the double-handed alphabet. His success was not very marked, and G. now essayed to test his aptitude for learning by teaching him a word. So taking down a picture book he spelt "c-o-w" on his fingers, at the same time pointing out the object and making the boy follow him on his fingers. Then he asked what the animal was in the picture. "C-o-w" spelt the boy right off. Surprised and elated at his success, G. turned to another picture and pointing out a horse was about to begin again, when the boy put in, "h-o-r-s-e," without any hesitation. G. began to smell a rat, and using the customary signs of the deaf and dumb, asked the boy if he had ever been to school. "Yes, I've been at Mr. P's school for two years," replied the boy in signs. "Oh, indeed!" exclaimed G. audibly; and then he explained matters to the benevolent gentleman, who thereupon retired with his charge somewhat discomfitted, while G. dove into his papers to make up for lost time.

THE receipts of the "Church Mission to Deaf-Mutes," for the quarter ending July 30th, were \$972.97. Expenditures, \$934.72. The greater part had been used for the support of the "Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf-mutes." Those who feel disposed to visit this Home will find it at No. 220 East 13th St., N. Y.; and if any should desire to contribute to the support of the Mission, as we hope many do, they can forward their money to the Rev. Thos. Gallaudet D. D., General Manager, No. 9 West 18th St., N. Y.

A FEW days since we received from a New York advertising agency an advertisement of a lottery scheme, with a request to insert it in the columns of THE SILENT WORLD for three months, and send bill. The lottery proposed to give away \$950,000 in prizes. We refused to let it appear in our paper as we have refused other advertisements which we thought would lead deaf-mutes to throw away their money. And we would here, as we have opportunity, urge all deaf-mutes to shun lotteries. There is only one chance in many hundreds or thousands that one will draw a prize even when these affairs are what they claim to be, and many must lose some money where one draws a fortune. Better earn an independence by slow and patient industry than try to spring to the top of the ladder at one leap; for, setting aside the loss of money, if you fail, the tendency of these affairs, whether you succeed or fail, is ever demoralizing. They teach you to depend upon "luck" rather than upon earnest endeavor for success in life; they encourage idleness, breed discontent, and even lead to gambling in a worse form.

#### BE NOT TOO SENSITIVE.

THERE is a deaf-mute who is well known to many of our readers as the exponent of a separate colony of the deaf and dumb, and many other impracticable schemes for their benefit. He is now an old man whose life has been embittered by ineffectual rebellion against the implied inferiority of deaf-mutes. Possessed of a warm and enthusiastic nature, he has joined his whole soul to the cause of those with whom misfortune has cast his lot, and from this devotion has arisen those plans for the elevation of the deaf and dumb which have made him the target of so much ridicule. Keenly sensitive to insults, like all Southerners, any slight put upon him lay and rankled in his heart until now he considers the whole hearing world as his enemies, and acknowledges not a single friend among them anywhere. In his frequent letters to us he has revealed a bitterness of feeling, and an impotency of rebellion truly pitiful.

There are very few deaf-mutes, we believe, who have not, at times, like this one, rebelled against the stamp of inferiority placed upon them by the hearing world. Placed upon them, it is true, unintentionally and unconsciously, but still made apparent in all the relations of life. It is one of the unavoidable consequences of deafness that the person so afflicted should be ignored in his intercourse with hearing persons, and that even persons of inferior qualifications should be given the preference to the deaf.

Many deaf-mutes are made to believe by his treatment that they are in reality inferior to hearing persons, and thus learn habitually to look to them when they are in difficulty. They thus loose "that self-dependence which is the pride of all true men and women." Others, like the one we have mentioned at the head of this article, have their natures embittered and their lives made unhappy by allowing the unintentional slights of the hearing to lie rankling in their breasts.

This is a serious disadvantage in the association of the deaf with the hearing world; but since it is impossible that the deaf should not mingle with the hearing, we must do what we can to lessen the injury done. And for this reason we would urge deaf-mutes always

to be on their guard against the encroachments of the demon of suspicion and discontent which embitters the lives of so many. For this reason we favor the association of the deaf and dumb with each other; for it acts as an antidote to the poison instilled by their isolated life among the hearing; opening their fountains of sympathy, and, by giving them an opportunity to compare themselves with others, increasing their self-respect and independence of thought and action.

#### PERSONAL.

MR. JAMES CAIRNES, a graduate of the Philadelphia Institution, resides in Jarrettsville, Harford Co., Md. He is married and has a child two years old.

MISS LYDIA A. MITCHELL, a graduate of the Washington Institution, resides at Hopewell, Md. She never gets discouraged; the air of the village prevents that.

MR. J. G. PARKINSON, of Washington, had the honorary degree of Master of Arts conferred upon him by Dartmouth College, New Hampshire, at its last commencement.

By *The Chicago Times* of a late date, we see that "Hon. Melville Bullard, of Washington" was recently at the Grand Pacific Hotel. The name sounds familiar; who can it be?

MR. AMOS HOLLER and wife were in Washington for a few days recently. Mr. Holler is foreman of the shoe-shop of the school at Staunton, Va., of which institution both he and his wife are graduates. They were here on their wedding tour.

MISS EMMA STEVENSON, a matron in the Pennsylvania Institution, has been spending a few weeks with her cousin Miss Georgianna Stevenson, in Baltimore. The latter is a graduate of the Washington Institution, and together they honored that school with a visit on the 16th ult.

MR. TOWNSEND LAWRENCE and his brother Robert, both graduates of New York, are spending the summer on a plantation in Brashear, La. They lately went on an excursion with a party of hearing people to the salt mines on Avery's Island. From a long account of the excursion published in *The New Orleans Herald* we think it was a very pleasant and interesting occasion. The sister of these young men is spending the summer in New Jersey.

MR. WILLARD E. MARTIN, of West Randolph, Vermont, is conducting his father's farm with energy and success. His father from age and sickness leaves the management to his son, and he writes under date of the 15th ult., that the gathering of the hay crop had not then been done, owing to the lateness of the season and unfavorable weather.

MR. CHAS. DASHIEL, who with his wife now resides at Wicomico, on the eastern shore of the Chesapeake Bay, in a rarely beautiful farming region, writes us that there is an uneducated deaf-mute carpenter named Rufus Philips in that place, who is a very capable in his trade. He is now of middle age, and it is no fault of his own that he is uneducated as he wished greatly to go to school, but his father would not let him.

DR. J. L. CARTER, principal of the Mississippi Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, spent a few days in Washington recently and called upon us. The doctor is a genial gentleman, and he has taken vigorous hold of the Mississippi Institution. He is not yet thoroughly versed in the sign-language, having been engaged in deaf-mute instruction not quite two years. But he means to learn it thoroughly, and our knowledge of that same language was severely put to the test during his stay. He is now making a tour of the principal institutions in this country and Canada, to gain a knowledge of the methods and appliances used in the education of the deaf and dumb. He has our best wishes for success.

## THE DEAF AND DUMB IN MIND.

It would be strange if so keen an observer as Charles Dickens had failed to notice the deaf and dumb and to use his observations to give new force to his vivid pictures of human nature. He has not, and so we more than once meet with allusions to the deaf in his writings, and sometimes the interest of the sketch turns upon a deaf and dumb character, as in *Dr. Marigold*. Our readers would derive great pleasure from a perusal of his works, and "*Old Curiosity Shop*" from which the following extract is made, is especially commended by a congenital deaf-mute who has read it with unflagging interest:

Towards the afternoon, her grandfather complained bitterly of hunger. She approached one of the wretched hovels by the way-side, and knocked with her hand upon the door.

"What would you have here?" said a gaunt man, opening it.  
"Charity. A morsel of bread."

Do you see that?" returned the man hoarsely, pointing to a kind of bundle on the ground. "That's a dead child. I and five hundred men were thrown out of work, three months ago. That is my third dead child, and last. Do you think I have charity to bestow, or a morsel of bread to spare?"

The child recoiled from the door, and it closed upon her. Impelled by strong necessity, she knocked at another: a neighbouring one, which, yielding to the slight pressure of her hand, flew open.

It seemed that a couple of poor families lived in this hovel, for two women, each among children of her own, occupied different portions of the room. In the centre stood a grave gentleman in black who appeared to have just entered, and who held by the arm a boy.

"Here woman," he said, "here's your deaf and dumb son. You may thank me for restoring him to you. He was brought before me, this morning, charged with theft, and with any other boy it would have gone hard, I assure you. But as I had compassion on his infirmities, and thought he might have learnt no better, I have managed to bring him back to you. Take more care of him for the future."

"And won't you give me back *my* son!" said the other woman, hastily rising and confronting him. "Won't you give me back *my* son, sir, who was transported for the same offence?"

"Was *he* deaf and dumb, woman?" asked the gentleman sternly.  
"Was he not, sir?"

"You know he was not."

"He was," cried the woman. "He was deaf, dumb, and blind, to all that was good and right, from his cradle. Her boy may have learnt no better! where did mine learn better? where could he? who was there, to teach him better, or where was it to be learnt?"

"Peace, woman," said the gentleman, "your boy was in possession of all his senses."

"He was," cried the mother; and he was the more easy to be led astray because he had them. If you save this boy, because he may not know right from wrong, why did you not save mine who was never taught the difference? You gentlemen have as good a right to punish her boy, that God has kept in ignorance of sound and speech, as you have to punish mine, that you kept in ignorance yourselves. How many of the girls and boys—ah, men and women too—that are brought before you and you don't pity, are deaf and dumb in their minds, and go wrong in that state, body and soul, while you gentlemen are quarrelling among yourselves whether they ought to learn this or that?—Be a just man, sir, and give me back my son!"

"You are desperate," said the gentleman, taking out his snuff-box, "and I am sorry for you."

"I am desperate," returned the woman, "and you have made me so. Give me back my son to work for these helpless children.

Be a just man, sir, and, as you have had mercy upon this boy, give me back my son!"

The child had seen and heard enough to know that this was not a place at which to ask for alms. She led the old man softly from the door, and they pursued their journey.

## COLLEGE RECORD.

## ALUMNI ASSOCIATION.

In June last those alumni of the College who reside in the city gave a dinner to the Class of '73, at the Arlington Hotel. During the progress of the dinner the wisdom and feasibility of forming an alumni association of the graduates of the college was discussed. The general opinion seemed to be that it was both desirable and practicable, and a committee, consisting of Messrs. Ballard, Scientific '66, Hotchkiss, '69, Patterson, '70, Draper, '72, and Rogers, '73, was appointed to take the matter into consideration and report at a similar gathering at the commencement of '74. This committee will enter into correspondence with every alumnus and get the opinion, and, if it is decided to go forward, the co-operation of all. Should the Association be decided upon, it is hoped there will be a full gathering of alumni in '74 to preside at its inauguration.

## FROM EUROPE.

PROFESSOR PORTER, now in Europe, has written a letter to Professor Spencer, and Prof. S. kindly allows us to make the following extracts which are of general interest. The Professor, on arriving in Europe after a very monotonous voyage, found one of two nieces, whom he had planned to travel with, so unwell that both were compelled to return to America, and up to July 27, he had been travelling alone. The letter is dated at Berlin, Prussia.

"There are two or three establishments for deaf-mutes in Copenhagen. On Sunday afternoon, walking along a street, I observed over a door-way: 'Arbeit anstalt for Dorstumme Piger' (Labor Establishment for Deaf and Dumb Maidens.) In and up I walked, and a door happened to open and disclose the maidens whose motions showed at once that they were the deaf and dumb *piger*. I introduced myself by signs to the *piger*, and by such German as I could botch together, to the good matron, who received me very politely, (in fact all the Danes are very polite—often excessively so—very much like the French.) I saw all parts of the establishment, which is designed to instruct the girls, who have finished their education at the institutes, in the various branches of domestic and female handiwork. Everything looked nicely. The *anstalt* has not been very long in operation, and is under the general charge of Mr. Keller, a *theologie*, who, I think, was a teacher in the institute for the deaf and dumb, and who, at any rate, has now a school in which he teaches semi-mutes by articulation. I learned what I know about this from Mr. Hausen, the superintendent of the deaf and dumb institute, which I visited the same day but found only a few children there as it was vacation. Mr. Hausen, however, very politely showed me what there was to be seen. I saw there a man deaf, dumb and blind, about fifty years old; and blind, or at least, partially so, since the age of eighteen, and for many years totally blind. Mr. H. could talk with him very rapidly by the one-handed alphabet, and he seemed obviously intelligent and lively. He uses books only as the pupils or others read them to him off the fingers.

By the way, at the Tivoli, which I visited one evening in Copenhagen, there was, among many other entertainments in various parts of the grounds, a pantomime of the Statue, similar to that which

the College boys performed so successfully. I saw only a part of the performance, but it fell far short of what our boys made of it.

I go to Leipzig very soon, and from thence to Dresden, and very likely back to Leipzig again, where my nephew, Kepp, is for a while. Our plans of travel are quite disconcerted by the return of the ladies, and we have yet to determine upon them."

MR. DENISON is fishing in Vermont waters.

THE "epizoo" is prevalent among the residents of the Institution.

PROF. FAY, wife and child, are spending the summer at Saratoga, N. Y.

THE pile of mail matter in the office of the Institution, belonging to absent teachers and students is growing apace.

ONE of the veteran rock-bumpers, of Shenandoah fame, now lies ingloriously amidst old lumber in the shop.

THE Institution grounds never presented a more beautiful hue of green than at present, owing to the rains of the past two weeks.

STUDENTS have been so utterly reckless in the destruction of the appliances of the billiard room that it will not be refitted this year.

THE grapes are ripe, and the Institution people now find they have a great many affectionate friends who cannot pass a day without making a call.

AN additional case has been placed in the Library for the accommodation of the new books which have been nicely arranged and catalogued by Mr. Draper.

THE upheavals of the Board of Public Works have reached Boundary Street near the Institution, and that thoroughfare is now undergoing the throes of an earthquake.

OH, for romping little feet and hurrying big feet to keep down the weeds and grass in the paths about the Institution grounds! In their absence the hired hands have to ply their hoes vigorously.

THERE was a meeting of the friends of Mr. Bryant and lady at their residence on the 13th ult., to welcome the bride of their eldest son, Charles. The whole Institution may congratulate itself on the acquisition of a new, and pleasant neighbor.

MISS PRATT returned from her vacation in Connecticut on the 19th ult. It is to be regretted that she was compelled by the sickness of a sister to undergo much confinement, and thereby lost a great deal of the benefit to be derived from a temporary release from the harrying duties of her position as matron.

MR. GEORGE ERSKINE, the steward, has bought another bull-pup to guard the grounds of the Institution. It takes a dog of more than ordinary intelligence and discriminating powers to guard the watermelons and cabbages of an institution for the deaf and dumb. The first dog we had entered upon his duties with commendable zeal, and attacked everyone from the President down. Numerous whippings for performing surgical operations on the calves of the inmates of the Institution have reduced his zeal somewhat, and, being unable to distinguish Institution people from the rest of the world, because he thinks they look fully as thievish, he now resorts to the shallow dodge of barking vociferously at all who approach, trying to make them believe he is going to tear their breeches to tatters; but if they keep advancing his stub of a tail commences to wag incontinently, and when they are within patting distance, he receives them with extravagant manifestations of joy. This he does to escape the whipping which his first demonstrations will bring down on his devoted head, if the person is only an Institution thief.

THERE is a negro in Holly Springs whose name is Charles Lewis William Henry Augustus Cox, Esq., and he has been sold twice since the war, and still ignores Lincoln's emancipation proclamation. He does not think he is as good as a white man, but takes no notice of common negroes, and won't be set free. He is deaf and dumb.

M. PELICIE, who recently died, was well known and a great favorite in the Parisian theatrical world. He was afflicted with deafness, and, as is often the case, was much deafener than he suspected. One day a friend played upon him the following trick: Seeing him on the opposite side of the Rue Vivienne, the practical joker placed his hand to his mouth and pretended to shout to the deaf man at the top of his voice, but without letting a sound escape him. M. Pelicie hurriedly crossed the street. "Don't make such a noise, my friend," said he, "you will attract everybody's attention."

## INSTITUTION NEWS.

### NEBRASKA.

THE third annual report of this institution has been received. It says that the new building is perfectly satisfactory, but that it is already crowded and a new appropriation is asked to fit up the attic for sleeping apartments.

"The property of the Institution now consists of ten acres of land in sight of Omaha, donated by citizens of Omaha, fenced; a brick building 44 by 60 feet, three stories and furniture sufficient; cistern and well; a barn and other out-houses; one horse, two cows, two wagons, one sleigh, harness, buffalo robes and various utensils." Five hundred shade trees have been planted in the grounds at a cost of twelve dollars and many more are to be set out.

"Entire satisfaction" is expressed with the principal, Mr. Kinney, and with his wife, the matron; and the educational and financial interests of the Institution are in a perfectly satisfactory condition.

The whole number of pupils in attendance is 29.

The directors of the Nebraska Institution so far presume upon "the interest taken in the Institution by the principal, and his business industry and capacity" as to make him perform the duties of both principal and steward; and they "hope to do the same for two years to come!"

### NEW YORK.

Or the teachers only Mr. Gamage and Miss Meigs were at the Institution. But Mr. Newell was still at his house near the Institution, attending to his splendid Coelchin China hens and chickens, and Mr. Syle was busy with his books, and his writing.

Our principal, Dr. I. L. Peet, is seeking health and strength for the labors of the coming year on his farm near Lake Erie. Mr. J. W. Conklin is among his relatives in Long Island, where he can fish to his heart's content. Mr. Lloyd, I believe, is in Michigan. The other teachers are scattered all over the land, one or two, I have heard, are on a trip to Europe.

Five of our teachers have resigned, viz: Prof. Engelsmann, the teacher of articulation, who intends to become an doctor; Prof. F. D. Clarke, who, I understand, is to be a surveyor and civil engineer, his brother W. E. Clarke, who has studied law, and been admitted to the bar; Miss Bella H. Ransom the experienced semi-mute teacher, formerly of the Michigan Institution, and her pretty sister Miss Celia L. Ransom, one of the teachers of articulation. It is rumored that the last named will soon change her name.

Workmen are employed in making drains, building fences, renewing plastering, &c. The old Mansion House is to be put in order for the Juvenile Department. Dr. Porter, the Superintendent, Mr. Brainerd, the Steward, and Mrs. H. P. Peet, the Matron are still there superintending the cleaning and repairing.

The resignation of five teachers will make necessary the appointment of several new teachers. It is said our Board do not mean to appoint any more deaf-mute teachers at present; but to fill the vacancies with young men from College. Some of these may turn out first rate teachers, and others poor sticks. One new teacher, Mr. Currier, was appointed last spring, and promises well.---J. R. B. in *The Advance*.

### [CORRESPONDENCE.]

### COMMENDATION.

To the Editors of the *Silent World*.

DEAR SIRS: The number of your paper for August 1st, is before me and I note that its columns are full of comments on subjects of vital importance to the deaf and dumb. "How deaf-mutes become beggars" strikes me as especially important, and I hope Mr. Mann will take up the subject and pursue it till some plan is hit upon by which the anti-beggar part of the community may put a stop to the disgrace.

E. S., of Lafayette, Indiana, presents a case of failure to obtain an insurance ticket against accidents on the railway. I rather think E. S.'s failure is owing to the way in which he applied. At any rate the question is of such importance that all difficulties in obtaining such tickets by the deaf and dumb should be removed. It is absurd that the loss of hearing should debar one from having his life insured against accidents. The deaf, blind and crippled need insurance more than the perfect man.

Yours, truly,

J. L. H.

Poolsville, Indiana, Aug. 8, 1873.

## THE FORTNIGHT.

## HOME.

BOSTON uses 5,000 gallons of soda water on a hot day. Eleven persons became crazy because of the great Chicago fire. In Texas ice costs five cents a pound and beef costs three cents. President Grant celebrated his silver wedding at Long Branch on the 22d ult.

Hon. Alexander H. Stephens has been made an LL. D., by a Georgia College.

Thirty marriages in one day in Philadelphia shows something more than brotherly love.

A centipede, eight inches long, was recently caught in Texas, after it had bitten a man. The man died.

"The Tombs," city prison of New York, is to be abandoned, and a healthier and more cheerful one is to be built.

Vermont has a debt of only \$195,648, while the treasury contains almost \$250,000, and a large amount of taxes are uncollected.

In some parts of Texas all the people jump when a man puts his hand in his pocket for a chew of tobacco for fear he is going to shoot.

The total amount of summer rain-fall in California since 1849 is but little over an inch, and they don't call it much of a drought either.

A hive of bees was sent through the post-office the other day, but being unmailable it went to the dead-letter-office, where it made the clerks step around lively.

The new state movement, which proposes to make a state with slices from Mississippi, Tennessee, and Kentucky, has proved a failure. The people prefer the evils that they have.

Prominent Southern men, including Jefferson Davis, Jubal Early Beauregard and others, have formed themselves into a historical association, to secure the production of an accurate history of the civil war.

The Ocean steamer, Ernst Morits Arndt, lost its propeller when a few days from port, but kept on its way, using its sails, and arrived in New York safely with its 300 passengers in good health and spirits.

A clock that was imported from London by President Stiles, of Yale College, more than a century ago, and has since been in constant use, still accurately marks the time for a family in Greenfield, Massachusetts.

A pair of horses, in Oxford, Massachusetts, are said to be so intelligent as to work a mowing machine without the aid of a driver, taking a straight track and turning the proper corners as well as if directed by human agency.

Emma Black, of Mississippi, who has remarkably long hair, lately saw a man drowning in the river; swam out near enough, and then flung out her flowing locks to him. He made fast, and she towed him ashore. It was a hair-breadth escape.

A shower of reptiles fell in Minnesota recently, and some one has described them as about six inches long, with gills, fins, and four legs. The same animals are found in a Mexican lake.

One of the coaches, running between the Crawford and the Profile House, in the White Mountains, was run away with by its team of six horses, while going down the Whitcomb hill, and two persons—a man and a boy—were killed, and most of the passengers severely injured.

By the collision of a freight with an express-passenger train on the Chicago and Alton railroad, twenty-two miles from Chicago, on the night of the 16th, eighteen persons were killed, and twenty-nine wounded. The accident was due to the gross carelessness of the conductor of the freight-train, who ran away immediately after the accident.

A large number of women and girls were on a mountain at Scranton, Pa., on the 12th of August, gathering berries when a terrific thunder-storm arose. Twenty-one of the berry-pickers took refuge in an abandoned shanty, and almost immediately afterward the building was struck by lightning. Two women, Mrs. Mary Kleine and Miss Caroline Schenck, were instantly killed. Seven others were severely injured, but will recover.

The Modocs, Captain Jack, Schonchin, Black Jim, Boston Charley, One-eyed Jim and Sloluck are to be hung on the 3d of October, the finding and sentence having been approved by the President.

A negro thief, in Hart County, Georgia, attempting to enter a store by way of the chimney, wedged himself so tightly in the flue that the chimney had to be torn down next day before he could be extricated and escorted to a place of safety, that is, to a cell in the county jail.

The Indians have been committing depredations in Colorado recently. At Old Camp they shot and stabbed a Mrs. Williams, and also shot Mrs. Williams' little girl, mashed her head against the door-post, and threw her into the fire, and then shot another girl eighteen years old.

At Oil City a few days ago the lightning went for a big iron tank containing 3,000 barrels of oil, and just travelled around the edge, snapping the bolt-heads off until the top flew up and the oil took fire. In another instant it slammed the lid down again and put the fire out and travelled.

An old lady named Hancock, at Chicopee Falls, Massachusetts, who is suffering with water around the heart, has lain on one side for five years, the physicians saying that any change of position would cause death. In her place we should feel inclined to roll over and kick the bucket.

A rough joke was recently perpetrated on a sleeping negro in Memphis. He was lying on the ground when three men, thinking to have some fun, poured the contents of a bottle of turpentine on him and set it on fire. He was so badly burned before the fire could be extinguished that he died the next day.

In an editorial on the horse disease *The Congregationalist* suggested that it might be well to sit at the feet of a horse and learn humility. "Just so," says *The California News Letter*, "sit down at the hind feet of a mule, and he if don't humiliate you, pull his tail and tickle the inside of his legs with a stable fork."

A Sioux City lady went to a gallery for her picture. After putting her in position, the artist put the plate in the camera, and told her to look at a certain spot on the wall. She wasn't certain of seeing it well from where she sat, and so got up and walked over to it, but failed to discover anything curious about it.

## FOREIGN.

The Pope recently invested 25,000,000 lire of Peter's pence in foreign securities.

Great Britain is taking measures to stop the forced emigration of the people of Asia, called coolies.

Ten diplomas have been awarded to the United States by the Vienna Exposition. England receives thirty.

The health of the Emperor of the Germans is prostrated, and as he is 77 years old, serious apprehensions are entertained that he will soon die.

The Carlists have been quite lively of late; they have obtained some victories and suffered some defeats. It is reported that their troops are getting discouraged and disheartened, and are beginning to mutiny. Everything is still in doubt.

On the 2d of August a railroad accident occurred on the London and Northwestern Railway, at Wigan, England, by which twelve persons were killed and twenty-four wounded. Several of the rear vans jumped the track while the train was passing a station and dashed into the platform of the depot.

Another of Queen Victoria's sons is to be married. This time it is the Duke of Edinburgh to the Grand Duchess Alexandrova of Russia. Parliament was asked to make a grant of pin money and consented with much grumbling in and out of that body. The amount voted was \$125,000 annually.

European newspapers have been discussing the question how it happens that the Germans, who during the war appeared to be indefatigable walkers, have made only about sixteen miles a day on their way home from France, and have seemed to suffer a great deal from heat. In one day a column of two thousand Bavarians lost eight men from sunstroke, while thirty-two men fell seriously ill and had to be left behind in hospital. The dead were buried at Sedan. It is reported that the German troops are returning very heavily laden with plunder of all descriptions, and this may account for the slowness of their movements.